

# The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

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NO. 2.

## ANTI-THIRD TERM

### SUCH IS THE COMPLEXION OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Senator Hoar, an Anti-Grant and Anti-Blaine Man in the Chicago ---Windom's Friends Still Confident of Success. IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.

*Special Dispatch to The Tribune.*

CHICAGO, June 3.—Never since the days of the old "Wigwam," on Market Street, where Abraham Lincoln was nominated, has there been such excitement among politicians of every persuasion as now. The streets of the city are literally packed with people from all parts of the country, and to and fro, a bit of chaff and anticipation.

The bulletin boards of the various newspapers have proven such magnets to the great populace, that in many places it would be absolutely impossible for teams to pass. The meeting against Grant throughout the city is growing hourly, except at the Wigwam, where his immediate friends and managers are quartered. At the Grand Pacific is another equally enthusiastic crowd who see Blaine's star in the ascendency.

SENATOR WINDOM'S BOOM also radiates from the Grand Pacific, and from a conversation with Capt. Blakely, who was Chairman at yesterday's meeting of Minnesotans, your correspondent learns that the delegation intend to stick and that they are for Windom first, and all the time, and are not without hope that he will win. Several delegations have expressed themselves favorable to Windom as a second choice, and it hourly becomes more certain that both Grant and Blaine are dead. The selection of Senator Hoar as Chairman of the Convention is a point gained by the anti-Grantites, but cannot in any sense be considered a tally for Blaine. Hoar's preference is Edmunds, but as that gentleman does not care to run, it is now thought his choice is Secretary Sherman. Grant's friends, who a week ago were so positive that this man would be

NOMINATED ON FIRST BALLOT, are now fearing on the second and third. Eighteen of the New York delegation have voted, and a large number of the Pennsylvaniaans are also astride the fence and some already in the opposition camp. A great deal depends upon the action of the convention on the unit rule. Its adoption would be a big lever for Grant, its refusal a strong prop to organized opposition. Thus far the Blaine men have made decidedly the most noise, while the Grant men have excelled in professional diplomacy. The convention has just taken a recess at this writing (2 p. m.) till five o'clock, to allow the preparation of the minority report of the committee on credentials. After this recess a discussion on the unit rule on the reports of the committees and the unit rule question, and as each delegate is entitled to five moments' debate, it is more than likely that the convention will not reach a decision until to-morrow afternoon.

### OPENING OF THE CONVENTION

*Special Dispatch to The Tribune.*

CHICAGO, June 2.—The republican convention met at 11:35 a. m. Cameron called the convention to order in a speech expressing harmony and cooperation for the success of the republican party, and selected G. F. Hoar as temporary chairman, who was conducted to the stand by Davis, of Texas, Frye, of Maine, and Raum, of Illinois. Senator Hoar was greeted with loud applause, and in assuming duties addressed the convention in a speech eulogistic of the republican party. On conclusion of the speech the roll of states was called. When the names of

### CONKLING AND GARFIELD

was reached applause greeted each name. At the conclusion of the roll Frye called attention to the omission of Utah and asked it to be called. The chair stated that he would direct the call to be made unless objection was made. Mr. Conkling objected and said that the national committee had prepared the roll in which Louisiana was omitted as was also the Territory of Utah, and a call made on that rule and submitted was not competent to call Utah. The chairman was of the opinion that the roll as adopted by the house was the proper one, but could not decide. Mr. Frye's motion out of order. Mr. Frye stated that the secretary of the committee had stated that Utah was

omitted through mistake, when Mr. Conkling withdrew his objection.

CONSIDERABLE SENSATION was caused by this episode and much applause. A resolution was adopted that all contest be referred to the committee on credentials without debate. When Illinois was reached a contest was announced in districts by Henderson, an Iowa delegate, two contests announced in Poria. Conkling, on behalf of the republicans of Utah, presented a protest or contest from that territory which was sent to the committee on credentials. Logan introduced a resolution instructing the committee on tickets to issue 500 tickets to veterans and spoke earnestly in its favor. Carried. On motion of Conkling the convention gave the committee on credentials time to report.

### THE UNIT RULE.

CHICAGO, June 3.—The committee on rules last night adopted the rules of the Cincinnati convention of 1876, with three exceptions. First, changing order of business; second, doing away with the unit rule and allowing individuals to vote as they please; third, on the national committee the Territories and the District of Columbia are not allowed representation. The committee on credentials heard arguments of Messrs. Storrs and R. G. Ingersoll on the Illinois contest, and adjourned to 11 this morning, without action. It admitted the two contesting Alabama delegates. This morning the committee on credentials referred the Illinois case to a sub-committee of five, consisting of Chandler of New Hampshire, Strout of Maine, Boltman of Ohio, Tracy of New York and Clayton of Arkansas, who decided in favor of eighteen contesting delegates. The committee on rules decided in favor of a five minutes debate. This is considered

### HOSTILE TO GRANT.

Convention met at 11 A. M., Hoar being in the chair; he was decided upon last night as the permanent Chairman. Ingersoll will present the claims of Illinois delegates in convention, there being delay in proceedings because the committees are not ready. Conkling moved that the convention adjourn—take a recess till 6 P. M. Hale made point of order that motion was debatable; Chairman sustained the question now being debated. Hale in speech holds that convention must remain in a state of suspended animation till the committees are ready to report. Conkling followed Hale, claiming it would facilitate the business of the convention by taking the recess, and said it was not in order, to prevent the committee on credentials reporting. Conkling's motion to take recess was lost. Joy of Mich. offered resolution that

CONTESTANTS FROM ILLINOIS be heard in convention by counsel; a motion to lay it on table was lost and the roll of states, on Joy's motion, was ordered. Joy has withdrawn his resolution. Committee on permanent organization reported name of Geo. F. Hoar for permanent Chairman

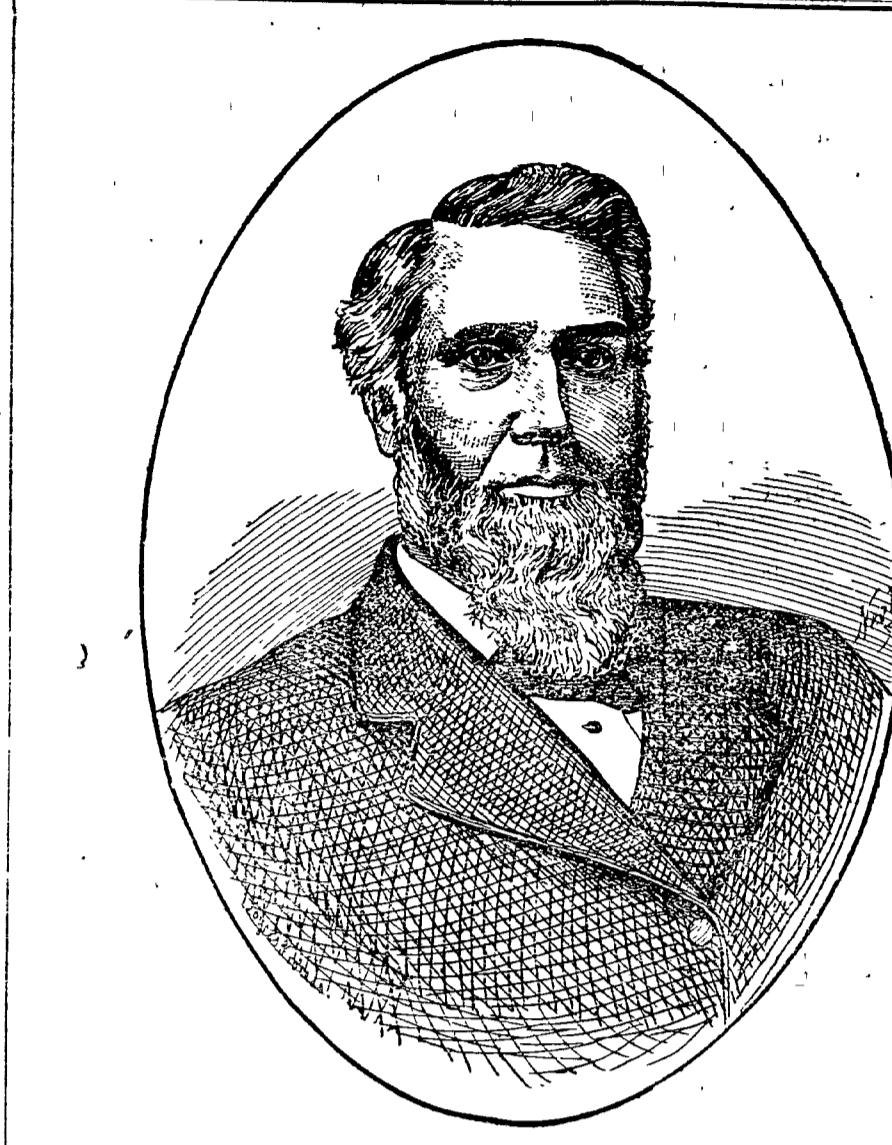
### DIPLOMACY.

CHICAGO, June 3, 2 p. m.—The committee on organization made a report, and its chairman, Pearson, introduced Senator Howe again, who complimented the convention on its wise disposition of preliminaries. In opening speeches Frye called for the report of the committee on rules, but Sharp stated that he wished to present the minority report, which they had not had time to prepare, and it was agreed no action should be taken until the minority were ready. Frye objected. Genl. Garfield, chairman of this committee, was correct. When Garfield rose he was warmly applauded, and he refused to take the platform. He had no vote taken in the committee, but the committee would not report, but await the desire of the convention. Frye then withdrew his motion and moved to

### ADJOURN UNTIL FIVE P. M.

Quite an interesting episode occurred here. Conkling rose and said he congratulated the gentlemen of Maine, on the amount of important business which the convention has done since his (Conkling's) motion to adjourn had been lost. [Great cheering.] Frye returned the thanks of the Maine delegates for kindly congratulations and hoped he would be able to do similar courtesy when the convention had finished work. [Applause and waving of hats.] Frye's motion was then put and carried.

[A terrible storm raged last night in southern Minnesota, and the wires between Chicago and St. Paul are all down. The TRIBUNE is now negotiating for special via Keogh, Deadwood, Cheyenne and Omaha, and if reports are received in time, an extra edition will be published to-night; if not, one will be issued to-morrow. The North Western line has been down all day, but is now partially working again, and as soon as the lines between St. Paul and Chicago are repaired, THE TRIBUNE's special correspondent will wire all the news to date.—ED. TRIBUNE.]



GOVERNOR N. G. ORDWAY OF DAKOTA.

### NEWS-NOTES.

Northern Pacific common, 22; preferred, 44.

The town of Mitchell, Southern Dakota, was entirely destroyed by a cyclone last week.

Col. Donan has been interviewed by a reporter, of the *Post-Dispatch*, and furnishes a two column article on the beauties and wealth of Dakota.

The marshal's bill appropriating \$600,000 that has been the theme of so much discussion in congress and the anxiety of court officials, passed congress this week.

Frank J. Washabaugh, clerk of the supreme court, Judge Moody's district, was married in Yankton the 27th ult to Miss Eliza Edmunds, daughter of ex-Gov. Edmunds.

Up to date the Comstock lode has produced \$200,000,000 worth of gold, and yet the owners think the richest part of the lode is set in still greater depth. A pretty good load from pure lode.

Among the late arrivals at the Bridgeport (Conn.) cutlery shops are three Swedish men, who work in the blacksmith shop. They wear short dresses, stout boots, and do the regular blacksmith work, having been trained to that occupation in their native country.

SIGNOR CASTAGNINI, the historical and fresco painter, has been appointed by the government to complete the works of Signor Bramidi at the capitol, remaining unfinished at the time of his death. Castagnini studied in the same school with Bramidi and was a pupil of the celebrated Mariani.

The investigation into the complaints made by the Ponca Indians who were removed from their reservation in Dakota to the Indian Territory, reveals the fact that but half the truth had been told in relation to their sufferings and the villainy of Kimble, the inhuman wretch who acted as their agent.

JOE GOSS AND RYAN fought at Collyer's Station, West Va., for the heavy-weight championship of America, and \$1,000 a side. Ryan defeated the veteran in eighty seven rounds, lasting one hour and forty minutes. This was Ryan's first appearance in the Prize Ring; his heavy thuds were too much for Goss' science.

The sub-committee on Mississippi levees have reported in favor of deepening the channel, protecting the banks and making new shore lines by covering and strengthening the scouring power of the current. They consider that five cents per bushel will be saved on freight and insurance on cereals by deepening the channel.

THE joint resolution declaring the Utes public enemies and their lands forfeited unless they deliver up the Indians engaged in the White River massacre, within thirty days, will pass the house. It is not expected that the murderers will be surrendered but the passage of the bill will furnish a pretext for clearing out the ordeals of the Utes.

Information has been received in New York of the death, at Marseilles, France, of ex-Comptroller Richard B. Connelly, better known as "Slippery Dick," one of the most prominent characters of the Tweed ring. Mr. Connelly has been a fugitive from justice since the ring collapsed. Advised two years ago that Mr. Connelly was actually grieving his life away in self-imposed exile, though surrounded by every luxury, except a clear conscience. He then resided on Lake Geneva, a few miles from the city of that name.

THE democratic party in congress, ambitious to distinguish itself in the line of economy and add fresh leaves to its withering wreath of parsimonious legislation, has cut down the appropriation for surveying the public lands. Thousands of emigrants are arriving monthly and looking for homes in the great west. It hardly seems possible for an intelligent congress to allow millions of acres of land, lying contiguous to the great transcontinental route, to remain so long unsurveyed when absolute necessity requires these lands to meet the demand of settlers.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

The foundation of the new Court House being finished, the men are now busily engaged in placing the lower cells. The brick work will be pushed rapidly, and not less than twenty men will be constantly at work. The date of laying the corner stone has not yet been fixed, but probably about Thursday of next week.

of Swedes to western Dakota. The Northern Pacific has already crossed Knife river and opens up as rich a valley for wheat or stock raising as can be found in the territory, well watered and timbered and possessing superior soil. This portion of country being contiguous to the railroad will rapidly fill up.

### BISHOP CLARKSON.

#### OPENING EXERCISES AT THE NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The new Episcopal church was opened to the public for the first time last Tuesday evening, Bishop Clarkson, of Omaha, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Batterson, of Philadelphia, conducting the initial exercises. The church was filled to its utmost by an attentive audience, members of the congregation and the church-going community generally. After the reading of the Litany the bishop delivered a brief discourse on the "Church and its Mission." Arrangements have been made for holding regular services, a pastor having been appointed for this parish who will arrive this month. The bishop says the Bismarck church is the handsomest in the territory and that the church to be erected in Grand Forks will be after the plans of this one, a builder coming here to get the designs. Bismarck has more pretty churches than any city in Dakota. The completion of the Methodist church this summer will add one more to the many handsome buildings that beautify the city. Mid all the bustle and activity of the business community the churches evidence that the citizens are not forgetful of their religious duties, and that with the rapid advancement of commercial interests and increasing population the influence of the pulpit meets with a pro rata encouragement.

### THE RIVER BED.

#### WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES LIKELY TO ATTEND THE TUNNEL EXCAVATION.

Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific, arrived from New York this week. He is waiting for Col. Clough to finish his soundings in the river bed when an official report will be sent on to the board of directors. A bridge or tunnel will certainly be the result of this report. The company has decided that a crossing must be effected immediately, and thus far the tunnel seems to be the most likely scheme. The bed of the river is found admirably suited for building either bridge or tunnel. The engineers have bored down twenty feet into soft sandstone and no bottom has yet been reached. In one place quite an extensive series of coal was found under which was a layer of clay, and then came the sandstone again. This sandstone is so soft that it can be easily tunneled, as it can be cut with a knife. In boring an augur is all that is required to penetrate it. At the Bad Lands, on the Little Missouri, this sandstone is exposed in some places to a depth of over 200 feet, but the base has never yet been seen. It is probably of recent formation—in fact at the present day undergoing that process. Scientific men believe that some wonderful discoveries will be made in digging the tunnel. It is in just such formations that the best oil wells in the country are located. It is also believed that artesian wells will eventually be sunk, and that their depths will be but a few hundred feet. The Bad Lands show unmistakable evidence of oil explosions, the burned out craters being in many places over one hundred feet below the different veins of coal, which have burned out, leaving the hardened clay in all manner of irregularity.

### SITTING BULL'S SENTINELS.

Sixty Canadians, recruits for the mounted service in the Northwest Territory, at Fort Walsh and McLeod, arrived last night under the immediate charge of Lieut. Col. Irvine, accompanied by Messrs. McDowell and McLeod. These men have enlisted for three years, are an able-bodied lot of young men with the necessary amount of energy to weather this severe service.

Mr. T. C. Power, or the firm of T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton, was a passenger down by the steamer Benton and went through Morley's train east to Chicago. He is accompanied by his family.

Mr. J. B. Bell, of Minneapolis, proprietor of the *Daily Times* of that city, has been visiting his son, W. B. Bell, cashier of the Bank of Bismarck, for the past week. Mr. Bell also represents the *Minneapolis Evening Journal*, and is materially advancing the interests of that paper during his stay here.

FRANCIS M. FINCH, of Ithaca, N. Y., secretary of the Dwight Farm and Land company, of Riehland County, D. T., and author of the beautiful poem "The Blue and the Gray," has been appointed associate justice of the New York supreme court, a position which Mr. Finch will grace with superior ability and scholarly attainments.

Mr. D. BROWN, of the Lake City (Minn.) *Sentinel*, was in the city this week. He was accompanied by H. T. Patton and C. F. Young of the same city, who are looking for land. They expressed themselves as better pleased with Bismarck and surroundings than any other locality on the line, and the latter two gentlemen will take a section each soon.

DR. J. H. GUILD, of Rupert, Vt., arrived Monday night. Mr. Guild owns six sections in the vicinity of Bismarck, sixty acres of the Fisher property and many smaller tracts of land. He has great faith in the future of this city and will make extensive improvements on his property. He is accompanied by his brother, J. W. Guild, of Santiago, Minn., and C. M. Sheldon, of Vermont. Monday, these gentlemen will visit the end of the track on the extension.

### AGAIN AT THE BAT.

The Athletics and Aces again met on the lower parade ground at Fort Lincoln Sunday afternoon, as per challenge sent by the former club on the previous Thursday and accepted by the latter. The weather was cool, and everything augured a fine game for the clubs engaged. The following is the score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—25
Athletics	1	5	2	0	4	3	6	5	0	
Actives	0	4	1	0	1	2	4	6	0	—24

### X. P. EXPRESS.

The Northern Pacific express has extended its line from Bismarck to the end of the track, and will send through express matter at least three times per week and daily as soon as the trains make regular trips. T. C. Kurtz has been appointed agent at the extension and R. White, messenger.

## RAMPANT RED SKINS

### CAPT. BAKER AND PARTY NARROWLY ESCAPE.

#### LIEUT. INGALIS HAS A BRUSH WITH THE INDIANS BUT IS UNSUCCESSFUL IN RECOVERING STOLEN STOCK IN THE BAD LANDS.

EXCITEMENT ON THE EXTENSION.

(See by Courier to The Tribune.)

WALKERVILLE, N. P. EXTENSION, May 31.—Sunday night, at about twelve o'clock, Mr. W. H. Green, of Davis Creek, came to the supply store of H. A. Bruns. Mr. Green was at the store yesterday, and was late reaching his ranch last evening. He had only been there a few minutes when he espied a lone, solitary Indian coming across the river at breakneck speed. He had scarcely time to get out his "shooting iron," when up rode Mr. Four Thorns from Capt. Baker's cantonment, four miles below. His first, last and only intelligible words to Mr. Green were, "Bald-in-Waterdead, soldier run quick, Sioux go horse, ouch!" Mr. Green was not long in getting his ponies on the road, and arrived here about twelve o'clock, as stated. Everyone who could muster a gun of any kind, did so, and we soon had quite a force on hand—enough, at any rate, to guard the company's supply store. Mr. S. C. Walker soon dispatched two good men to the cantonment for ammunition, as it was found that we were rather short of that desirable article. Our "scouts" returned this morning, but without any ammunition, Capt. Baker having refused to send us any, his reasons for so doing better known to himself.

CAVALRY WANTED.

The universal opinion of every one in the Bad Lands to-day is, that there is just as much use out here for infantry as there is for the third wheel on a wheel scraper.

We have heard for the last three weeks that nine companies of cavalry were to be stationed along the line, with headquarters at the Little Missouri river, but we have seen no signs of them yet, except a few loads of lumber going to the cantonment.

From our scouts who went to the river last night, I have learned as follows:

NARROW ESCAPE.

"Yesterday morning Capt. Baker, Dr. Miller, three privates and two Recon scouts went out on a hunt toward Sentinel Butte, near which they concluded to camp for the night. In making preparations to do so, however, they found that they were in close proximity to about thirty Sioux, upon which they opened fire. The Captain and his party, with the exception of the two scouts, broke loose and stampeded, leaving them in a very critical situation, with one of the scouts slightly wounded, as was also his pony. The scouts extricated from the main party and arrived at the cantonment several hours in advance of the Captain and his party. Lieut. Ingalls immediately started with part of the Company to him up the Captain and his party, whom they met a few miles from the cantonment and brought them safely in. This morning Lieut. Ingalls and twenty-five men started out to try and recover the lost stock.

## THE KING OF MAY.

He wasn't very pretty,  
He wasn't very wise,  
And he stood and gawked a question,  
In paralyzed surprise.  
A fresh face, a speckled lad  
Who would turn in his toes,  
And though not absolutely bad—  
Had such a funny nose!  
He hadn't any manners,  
He didn't know his books,  
And I must own his principles  
Did not belie his looks.  
He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play;  
And every hair grew a different way—  
Then why did they make him King of May?

Ye blithely, in a circle,

They whirled around their king;

And there he stood, half crying;

Half pleased to hear them sing,

Till in his heart, a mighty part;

Was given him to do;

Emotion thrilled his little breast;

And gave him fervor new;

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he thought.

"It isn't much. I ought!"

"Oh do! Oh do!" sang they.

"And we will crown you King of May!"

"I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it!"

His heart sang back again,

Until a ray of loveliness

Came to his face so plain.

His eyelids quivered; he almost shivered;

His young form stood erect—

When manly thoughts still boyish souls

What else can you expect?

And still they sang their roundelay.

The circling girls so sweet and gay,

About their King, their King of May!

Hark! The King is speaking;

The eager girls press near.

He says aloud, "I'll do it!"

In ringing voice and clear.

And from his pocket, as from a socket,

Slowly he drew it forth—

He looked to East, he looked to West.

He looked to South and North,—

The skies their best assurance gave,

'Twas noble to be kind and brave.

He drew it forth, he gave it over,

As though he were each maiden's lover.

As though it were his life.

The things they'd begged for hours and hours,

To cut the May-pole vines and flowers—

That little rascal's knife!

Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day!

How gleefully they skip away.

Leaving alone their King of May,

His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!

## UNDER SUSPICION.

A hard day it was for us when the constable took poor Jamie to the jail. He was only a boy, scarce turned out of twenty; and though I'm his mother that says it, an honest or better son never lived. Even since his father died he labored hard and faithful, and it was not in the drab shops he spent his earnings either, but he brought them home on Saturday night whenever it came; he used to lay the bright silver dollars in my lap, and then he'd say with his canny smile:

"Here's the money, mother, that'll buy us our Sunday dinner and all the good things for next week."

I had noticed for a long time that Jamie and Maggie Ryan were very fond of each other, and I was sorry to notice it, for I knew the boy would be wanting to get married sometime, and a nicer, neater girl than Maggie was not to be found.

"Twas a mile from our little cottage to where Maggie lived, and on Sunday nights Jamie would clothe himself in his best, and walk over there, and when he came back, if I chance to be up, it did me good to look at his happy contented face, as he raked up the smoldering legs in the fireplace, and took his seat in the chimney corner. I could tell by that half-dreamy look in his eyes, that he saw Maggie's soft curls and rosy cheeks in the flames, and that he was in love.

One Sunday night, however, when he came home later than usual there was a troubled, puzzled expression on his face, and he didn't smile nor speak any of his pleasant words, but just paced the floor in a nervous manner, and seemed doubtful whether or not to tell me the secret that troubled him.

I didn't question him, for I concluded that he had had a quarrel with Maggie and it was a heart wound that troubled him, talking about it could but open it the wider.

He went to bed very soon after he came in. I was about to do the same when I heard the fire bells in the village ringing. I went to the door, and looking out: I saw a great flaming light in the direction of one of the churches. I was glad that our cottage was not in the heart of the town, for these fires had become very frequent of late, and the newspapers said that there was a gang of men engaged in kindling them, and that nobody's property was safe, though it wasn't dwelling houses they burnt, but barns and churches and public buildings.

A thousand dollars reward had been offered for the arrest of the incendiaries, but, whoever they were, they kept clear of the authorities.

I don't know how it happened, but as I stood there at the door, listening to the bells, they seemed to say every time they changed, "Jamie Riley, Jamie Riley," and I could not resist associating my dear boy's name with some awful crime.

I slept but poorly that night, and being awake very early in the morning, I heard Jamie come very softly down stairs and go out of the door. After a time I got up and just as I was placing the breakfast on the table, Jamie came in.

He looked very pale, and had no appetite for his food.

I began to be frightened about him.

"Jamie," said I, "are you sick, or what ails you?"

"No mother," he said, "I am not sick, but I cannot tell you what ails me!"

Then he rose from the table, and putting on his hat he started for the factory where he worked. He took up the tin pail in which I always placed his lunch, but he did it as if by halft; nor did he seem to inquire, as was his custom, as to what it contained.

I felt worried all day. Some trouble seemed hanging over us, but what it was I could not guess.

In the afternoon Maggie Ryan came in to see me. She was handy with the needle, and the folks who lived in the big house on the hill had sent for her to do some sewing. She was returning and called to tell me how kind the lady had been to her, and how much pay she had received for her work. Maggie saw in a moment that I was not in good spirits, and so she ceased her pleasant prattle and asked in a serious tone:

"Has anything happened, Mrs. Riley? You seem sorrowful to-day."

Then I spoke out boldly:

"You have quarreled with Jamie, have you not, Maggie?"

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Riley," she answered,

"I quarrel with Jamie? You know I love him dearly."

And then the sweet girl blushed at her own confession.

You may guess that this knowledge did not ease my mind much. How could I account for Jamie's pale face and nervous manner?

It did not seem possible to me that the lad had done any wrong act, but I could not forget how the bells seemed to clang "Jamie Ri-ley Jamie Ri-ley," and when I remembered the boy's strange actions an awful fear grew upon me.

Maggie tried in vain to discover what disturbed me. She went away in a little time, but promised to call again next day, "for I'm afraid the fever is coming on you," she said, and, kissed me and bade me good-bye.

After she had gone I bruised myself in getting the supper, for Jamie always enjoyed his supper; and what a wonder that, with a hard day's work, and an early breakfast and only a lunch at noon, he should eat heartily at night. I baked some biscuits, and kept them smoking hot, cooked a nice piece of meat and boiled the potatoes, and then I got a nice dish of preserves and steeped the tea.

Just in the nick of time, as we say, and when everything was ready, Jamie came in. He looked more cheerful than he had in the morning, and smiled, and praised the appearance of the table. But there was a look of firm determination in his face that I had not seen there before and it troubled me to know what it betokened.

"Well, mother," he said, "if everything is ready, we'll eat, for I'm as hungry as a bear, and after supper I have something important to tell you."

These last words he spoke hesitatingly, but I was glad to know that he was about to unburden his soul of whatever secret it contained.

So we sat down to the table. I was just pouring out the tea when there came a loud and unexpected rap at the door. I opened it and found Mr. Keating, the constable. He lived not far off, and had been a friend of my husband.

"Good evening Mr. Keating," I said.

"Good evening, madam," he replied; "does Jamie Riley live here?"

"And don't you know he lives here?" I answered.

"Is he at home?"

"Supposing he is, what then?"

"I must see him. I have an order for his arrest."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, angrily, "surely your joking, Mr. Keating! You wouldn't take Jamie to jail, you know he never did an evil deed."

"It's a sad duty," answered the constable, "but arrest him I must, if he's in the house."

"Well, he's not in the house nor has he been here to-night."

Before these words were fairly out of my mouth, Jamie himself stepped to the door.

He had listened to all our conversation and now he spoke in his clear manly voice:

"I am ready to accompany you, Mr. Keating, but with what crime am I charged?"

Mr. Keating spoke very low, so that I would not hear, but hear I did, and the words made me faint and sick. I tried to banish the horrible suspicion of my son's guilt, but I could not forget how the bell had clang'd the night before.

"Mr. Keating," I said, as calmly as I could, though my voice trembled, "will you let me speak to my son one minute?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Riley."

Then the lad came into the room, and the constable stood without the door, and I took the boy's hand in mine, and looking up into his face I spoke these words:

"Jamie Riley, by the love you bear me by the memory of your dead father, by the hope of your son's salvation, speak truly—are you guilty or innocent?"

"Innocent, mother—before God, innocent," and he bent down and kissed my wrinkled forehead, and lifted the great load of doubt.

"Then go, my darling," I said, "and may the Lord in His mercy watch over you and bring you forth from this tribulation."

So Jamie went away with the constable, and I sat all night by the fireplace, moaning and crying as I thought of my poor boy in the cold cell of the jail.

The next day I was in the courtroom when the day came.

Jamie was led in by the constable, and took his seat in the prisoner's box as calm and collected as though he had been sitting by the fireside at home.

Maggie and I had a seat together, but we scarcely spoke a word during the preparation for the trial. We thought that it would occupy the whole day, but it came to an unexpected termination.

Joseph Milward was the first witness called. He told the same story he had told at Jamie's former examination.

I remember the scene well.

The district attorney had asked the questions, and having finished, said:

"That will do, sir."

Milward was about to leave the witness stand when Mr. Carnan spoke up:

"We will cross-examine the witness."

Oh, what a cross-examination that was!

What an excitement there was in the court room.

The old judge dropped his spectacles, and the district attorney looked blank, the jury scratched their heads, and the vast crowd kept as still as mice, that they might hear every word.

Mr. Carnan had ferreted out the whole case, and from the mouth of the same witness, he proved that James Milward and his companion were the guilty parties, and that they had been aided by many of the young men of the village, and before they had finished, the district attorney jumped up and said:

"Let us throw this case up."

Then Jamie was discharged forthwith, and the people gathered round to shake hands with him; but he hastened away from them and found Maggie and me, and together we went to the cottage.

I can't tell you all that followed; but our grateful hearts joined in thanksgiving for heaven to have delivered.

Jamie could explain everything now. He had seen Milward and Butler coming from the vestry of the church on the night of the fire, and the smell of smoke and their excited manner told him plainly what their errand had been.

It was this terrible knowledge that had made him so nervous when he returned home. He doubted whether to divulge the secret or not. He came to the conclusion Monday night to make it public; but Milward and Butler fearing this had anticipated him, and by perjuring themselves had secured Jamie's arrest. Then the lad saw how useless it would be to make a charge against his accusers, and so he resolved to let justice work out her discoveries.

He did not leave us once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional glimpses into the drawing room, that the radiant countenance of Mozart in the music room, that his smile was simply enchanting. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

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Six months later Jamie and Maggie were married, and Lawyer Carnan was at the wedding, and he gave to Jamie a receipted bill for his services, and to Maggie the finest dress you ever beheld.

Jamie still works in the factory, but to this day no one has seen Milward and Butler in our neighborhood. It is in California they're living, I'm told.

"Has anything happened, Mrs. Riley? You seem sorrowful to-day."

Then I spoke out boldly:

"You have quarreled with Jamie, have you not, Maggie?"

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Riley," she answered,

"But, Jamie," I asked, "what does young Milward mean by his evidence? Has he perjured himself, has he not?"

Jamie hid his face in his hands for a moment, and then looking up he said resolutely:

"I cannot answer your question, mother. God must judge between him and me." Then, changing the subject: "Can you get me a lawyer, mother?"

"Of course I will."

So after a little more talk, I left Jamie, and sought the office of Squire Carnan. A good man the squire was, and an honest lawyer. When he discovered who I was, and my business, he told me bluntly that he did not wish to undertake the case.

"Are you afraid that I'll not pay you?" I asked. "If it costs years of labor, you shall receive every cent of charge."

He smiled sadly.

"No, madam, 'tis not the money," he said, "but I do not like to feel that the saving of anybody's life depended on my efforts."

"Life?" I replied, "would they hang Jamie?"

"I found guilty, in all probability they will," he replied.

I scarcely knew what I said, but I begged and implored Mr. Carnan to save the poor boy. At last he consented to visit him; "and if I am convinced of his innocence," he added, "I will endeavor to obtain his acquittal."

Then I told her all about you—How I brought you up poor Joe, (Lockin' women folks to do it).

## A GOOD HORSE.

The Graphic Description by a New York Dealer.

[Scribner's Monthly.] "I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. They are as different as men; in buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of wing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had but the gentlest treatment for sleek-limbed sorrel that pricked ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You can't hire that mare to act man or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight elegant face. A horse with a dashing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the underside of a head a good horse should be well cut under the jowl, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throat.

"So much for the head," he continued.

"The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long legged stilt horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back and broad, but don't get them too deep in the chest. The forelegs should be short. Give me a pretty, straight hind-leg with the hock low down, short postern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, tastes differ. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A great many gray and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus horse behind you is what many people call a calico horse; now, I call him genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature and may happen anywhere."

### Gems of Thought.

Faint not: the miles to Heaven are but few and short.

Clothe and, wrap yourself in humility, so that it shall be impossible to tear from you this covering.

There is a blessing attending the ministration of mercy. The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

White we wrangle here in the dark, we're dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceful holiness.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in practice of bad habits, though by patience and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in heaven.

Every man ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down; but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the experience of them.

We look back to former times and the struggles that then were, and wish we had been helpers in the fight; but there is honorable warfare now, or have not the courage to do it if we can see, neither should we have had vision or courage then.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it all together. So it is with our mortal improvement, we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

Mr. Horatio Seymour compares the Indians to Marquis de Talleyrand. Of the redmen he is reported as saying: "They are natural orators and diplomats. The finest speeches that were made to me when I was Governor were made by the Iroquois Indians. Yet they would not speak except in their own language and through an interpreter, though they spoke English perfectly well. They reminded me of Talleyrand, who would not allow himself to speak English or be addressed in that tongue while he was in Great Britain, though he was a fluent English scholar."

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikes he sees you express; these will educate him, the society you live in will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things except you were

to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.

### WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

The history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded in the bold experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of a silken kite. It is remarkable that Mr. Anderson does not refer to that which converted the first failure into the subsequent success, namely, the wetting of the kite-string by the thunder-shower. But we cannot help confessing a sort of satisfaction, on behalf of the Old World, in being taught to antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard. At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country-house, standing on a high plain, some four hundred feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed, on May 10, 1752, (fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia) a thunder-storm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds. On May 13, 1752, M. Dalibard startled the Academie des Sciences by reading a report of this first great experiment made as to aerial electricity.—Exchange.

### THE OLD, OLD HOMESTEAD.

Often times in memory I see the dear old homestead! Oh! how plainly in imagination the old farmhouse comes up before my mind; and those uncultivated and rock-crowned hills, the rude plain, that old maple and apple orchard, in fancy again I see. The violet and the forget-me-not, the mossy rocks, and laughing rills, the crystal spring, all these again I see, and the happy days of childhood come floating back to me again. It seemed but yesterday, that father smiled, and mother kissed her boy, in the old homestead! Oh, those sunny days of childhood, they were all too bright to last, and as I sadly think of the dear ones passed away, mother, father, sister, brother, all sleeping in those orchard graves on the old homestead, and of the thousand happy hours spent by us together, it seems that death has taken all my earthly treasures and I am left alone at last. But a voice softly floating on the evening breeze, tells me I am not alone, and in imagination I ramble over the old homestead, with the cherished love of long ago at my side. And thus it is, the buds of spring, the summer flowers come and go, with their beauty teeming, but in memory never dying. So with fondly cherished ones, though in the grave we have their forms so fair, they ever in memory dwell with us. The days of childhood, the old homestead, will never be forgotten, the past to us, by mind and memory, will be renewed, the tuneful birds, with varied songs, the little brooks that wind along the stream reflecting a spotless sky, and "crystal streams more fair," and the wildwoods around the old homestead where nature first her charms to me displayed, eclipsing works of human art, these to me are more precious in memory than all the gems of earth and art, rude though they be.

### TEXAN SPORTS.

Sportsmen find an agreeable abiding place in Texas. On the prairies almost every kind of wild animals abound.

In the north west are the wild horse, or mustang and the fierce buffalo. The deer and the antelope, the moose and the mountain goat are plentiful, not to mention the jaguars, the wild cat, black bears, ocelots, wolves and foxes, and such smaller game as porcupines, opossums, hares, rabbits and squirrels.

A special feature of wild life is the prairie dog or marmot, dwelling in holes burrowed in the ground. Their numbers are so great that the traveler may journey for days together without losing sight of them. The feathered tribe are also abundant, including birds of prey and birds of sport.

There is the bald-headed eagle and the Mexican eagle, vultures, owls, hawks, wild turkeys, wild geese, prairie hens, canvas back and other ducks, teal, brant, pheasants, quails, grouse, woodcock, pigeon, partridges, snipe, plover, red birds and turtle doves.

By the waters are also found the crane, the swan, the pelican, the water turkey, and the king-fisher. The smaller birds are numerous, and among them many of the most brilliant plumage, as the oriole, the parrotet, the cardinal, the whippoorwill, and the sweet-toned mocking bird.

Black birds abound, and wood-peckers, blue-jays, starlings, swallows, martens, and wrens. In the rivers and bays there are all the varieties of water life, from alligators to perch, pike, trout, green turtle and oysters.

MOLASSES COOKIES. Two cups and one-half of hot molasses, one cup of shortening (half butter and half lard, one teaspoonful of ginger and one of cinnamon; dissolve two teaspoonsful of sardines in a cup of lukewarm water, and throw in as quickly as possible; add some flour and stir a few minutes, as you would soft cake, then add more flour; mix as soft as you can conveniently, and roll out.

**JOHN MASON,  
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND  
BILLIARDS,**  
AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.  
Headquarters for Army and Missouri River  
People.

**EMER N. COREY,  
U. S. COMMISSIONER,  
Judge of Probate, and Clerk of Dis-  
trict Court.**  
Office one door below Tribune Block,  
101st

## SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

A purely vegetable distillation entirely unlike all other remedies.

In the preparation of this remarkable remedy every herb, plant, and bark is subjected to distillation, thereby the essential medical principle is obtained in a pure and concentrated form, which remains in the still inert, valuable, and totally unfit for use in an organism so delicate as the nasal passages. It is a series of vegetable, saturated solutions of woody fibre; all tinctures, saturated solutions.

### SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

Is a local and constitutional remedy, and is applied to the nasal passages by instillation, thus allaying inflammation and pain and at once correcting the disease. It is a safe, simple, and effective remedy, administered, in fact, on the organs of circulation, keeps the skin moist, and neutralizes the acid properties of the mucus, drawing it into the stomach and thence into the blood. This is a safe remedy in both directions, and it does not seem possible for human ingenuity to devise more rational treatment.

### SURPRISING CURE.

Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago, while travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert troupe, I contracted a severe cold and was laid up at New York, N. Y., for two weeks, and had a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was unable to sing a note. For three years afterwards I was unable to sing at all, and the first time I sang after the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, very reluctantly, I confess, as I had tried all the advertised nostrums, and the most popular and wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief. It is hardly possible for one whose head aches, eyes are red, and who has a constant desire to scratch, to quick consumption, and I firmly believe that had these symptoms continued without relief they would have been a easy victim. When in this distressing condition, I sent for the first time in twelve years, the SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, very reluctantly, I confess, as I had tried all the advertised nostrums, and the most popular and wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief.

Respectfully yours, GEO. W. HOLBROOK.

WALTHAM, Mass., Jan. 20, 1872.

P. S.—I purchased the Radical Cure of GEO.

ROGERS, Druggist, Rumford, Rumford, Boston, Mass.

## COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly Medicated Plaster containing the choicest medicinal Gums and Balsams known to modern Pharmacy.

These Plasters have now been before the public for two years, and notwithstanding the immense number of nostrums and quack remedies, and pain-curers, and ordinary plasters, they have steadily increased in sale and met with universal acceptance, and by over one thousand selected testimonies in their favor. Many remarkable cases have been certified to by well-known citizens in all parts of the United States, and Canada, and in Europe, and all who use them, are desirous them. Improvements, in many ways, have been made, as suggested by experience and trial, and the new Plaster is equal to any in every respect, and the best plaster in the world.

medicine. All we ask from every sufferer in the medical field is to use the new Plaster, as the cost is double that of any other plaster. But, notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietors to realize how much relief they obtained from the use of the best plaster in the world, for the least money, still, unscrupulous dealers will be found ready to misrepresent them for selfish motives and endeavor to substitute others. If you ask for

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

Have it if you have to send to us for it.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & PORTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Any Druggist will tell you its reputation.

S. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 122 BROADWAY.

ST. L. BOSTON, MASS.

ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

THE MCCORMICK IMPERIAL

TRY IT.

IT



## POLE AT THE NORTH

THE HOWGATE EXPEDITION  
BOUND FOR THAT POINT.

Lient. Doane and His Hardy Men—  
Lobbying Under a Scientific  
Cover—Probable Failure  
of the Scheme.

THE CRUISE OF THE GULNARE.

During the past century at intervals of but few years, expeditions have been sent out by different countries, principally England, next Germany and Holland, and a few from the United States, having as an object the finding of the North Pole. The public pulse has beaten with interest and anxiety at the announcement of each fresh expedition until their frequent occurrence has caused but little attention to be given them except by scientific men. The many fruitless attempts accompanied by loss of life and hardships have had a tendency to damp the ardor of public interest in the object of the expedition. A few years ago the Polar was fitted out by Congress at the expense of \$100,000 and started on a filibuster's voyage under the command of Capt. Howgate, an Arctic navigator, and a crew consisting of men that had seen service in the north seas. This expedition was to establish a line of relief stations whereby supplies could be accumulated and gradually but sure advance to the polar end of the earth's axis made. The Polar crossed the fate of such expeditions generally. The crew, by means of good fortune, managed to get out of the ice and so remained on board to starve. The famous Esquimaux, for a wife were among the number. Two years ago Capt. Howgate succeeded in getting out of the ice and sent out the Polar to establish a station on the coast of St. Paul's sound. Equipped with wife were sent home on the Polar. Nothing ever resulted from the expedition. The doors of congress have been besieged for the past two years for appropriations to another expedition but the national legislators have failed to see the utility of granting government funds for such an expedition un- less approved and aided by men of

KNOWN SCIENTIFIC ABILITY.

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Bates J. Morris Barney

Bellows Leb. H. Manu Homer

Burney M. H. McHenry John G.

Byron P. McHenry L.

Bundy Thos. T. Murry Rian

Craig Benj. Platt John T.

Dowd Daniel Pomer M.

Dowd J. S. Rodgers T. B.

Dowd Frank. Roberts Wm E.

Dowd J. M. Rodger T. B.

Dowd Richard. Roberts Wm E.

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Fay Edward. Roberts Wm E.

Frost J. S. Rodger T. B.

Fro John. Roberts Wm E.

Garrison Wm. Rodger T. B.

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Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advised."

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

FENCE YOUR LOTS.

Illustrated Catalogues with Price List, descriptive of all styles of Fence [wood or iron] manufactured by Mann, Fence Wkrs & Co., firm held by CHAS. F. PAINE, Agent.

Boots and Shoes.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM, 34 N. Fourth St.

Practical Boot Maker, Likewise.

BUILDER OF SHOES.

Perfect fits guaranteed. Only the best material used. Custom work a specialty, repairing neatly done.

STAGE LINES.

Bismarck and Ft. Buford Stage and Express and U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Ft. Buford and intervening points Sunday, Wednesday and Fridays at 8 a.m., making the full trip in five days. Stages will leave Ft. Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a.m.

For express, freight or passage apply to JOHN LEASURE, Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co.'s, or to BRIGHTON & JORDAN, Ft. Buford.

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D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers, Tribune Block, 41 Main St. Keep a Complete Assortment of HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC. Repairing a Specialty.

MILLINERY.

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.

DRESSMAKER & MILLINER, East Main Street. First-Class Work Guaranteed.

THE B. & O. FAST TRAINS.

Eleven Hours Quicker to Washington than Any Other Line. (Chicago Tribune.)

The new fast train on the Baltimore and Ohio goes on to-day, and will, doubtless, at once become the popular line to Washington and the east, as it is no less than eleven hours quicker between this city and the National Capitol than the fastest train by any other line. It is the only train out of Chicago by which Washington can be reached with but one night on the road, while its time to New York and Boston is the same as that made by

the fastest of competing lines. Passengers leaving here at 5:15 P. M. reach Washington the next evening, the run being made in less than twenty-eight hours, without change of cars of any class. An immense amount of work has been done upon the track, a large force of men being still distributed along the entire line. The January, the latest, and by many of the leading rail road men declared the best of all coupler platforms, has just been introduced upon the passenger equipment of the B. & O., which by the way is of the finest run out of this city. The company, as is well known, owns its own dining stations, and these have recently been extensively renovated and placed under the immediate supervision of the Gale Bros., old and well known hotel men. The B. & O. has evidently determined to hold its own out of Chicago and the west general, and certainly the travelling public will not be slow to appreciate the advantage offered. By this new order of things Baltimore also gains greatly at all its eastern points, reaching Philadelphia, New York and Boston at the same time as the fastest trains of other roads.

### GOVERNMENT ENTERPRISE.

Mr. C. S. Deering, contractor for the construction of the government telegraph line, left for Walla Walla this morning by way of San Francisco. Mr. Deering goes out to superintend the building of the government line through Idaho and over the Rocky Mountains, connecting on this side with the extension west from Missoula until met by Mr. Deering's party. The government lines are kept in first class repair and working order, but little trouble being experienced in transmitting messages over the 2,000 miles of frontier wire. These repairs are paid for out of the office receipts. It would redound greatly to the credit of the line between Bismarck and St. Paul if as much could be said of it. Mr. Greene is one of the best managers in the business. It is stated by reliable disinterested parties that he is handicapped by the Milwaukee office. Mr. Haskins' reputation as a telegraph man is engendered by the little attention the Milwaukee office pays to this important circuit.

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### BOOTS AND SHOES.

## J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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Prompt attention given orders by mail.

76 MAIN STREET.

### GROCERIES

## M. P. SLATTERY,

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## Groceries, Crockery, Flour AND FEED.

No. 24 N. Third-st.,

Bismarck.

### SAMPLE ROOMS

## JOS. FOX,

Proprietor

## FERRY SALOON,

Point Pleasant, D. T.

### LIVERY STABLE

## SHERIDAN HOUSE

## Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

### NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

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STOYELL & LAKE, Proprietors

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

### FINE PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY.

### VIEWS AND DAKOTA SCENERY.

Call and see the crowd

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Proprietor

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CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS.

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This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 57

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Particular attention given to Repairing.

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## THE IRISH DAISY.

The crocus and the snow-drop raise Their heads a day, when thaws the frost. The primrose in a week decays, The cowslip's sooner lost.

The fragrance rich of ripe woodbine Forbids the flower's long decay— And like delicious elegance, Its color melt away.

The tulip glows in summer bloom— Its petals soon neglected lie— The peony sheds its rank perfume, Then droops it down to die.

The royal rose scents the air— Its loveliness like Spanish maid; Alas! that thou so sweet and fair, Should blossom but to fade.

The robe's luxuriance imperils, While beauty claims where most bright, The daisies, like our Irish girls, Preserve their red and white.

Yes, Ireland's Daisy, modest flower— Whose spangling colors deck the field, Still lives in every changing hour— And grows when others yield.

It creeps beside the heather bell— And climbs the hill and mountain blue; Or seeks the shade of haunted dell— Gem'd with a drop of dew.

Mid rock and ridge its fragile stem Bends gently to the thunder storm, Then shows like alabaster gem, With green and gold, its form.

The butterfly—her filmy wing Fold up in slumber on its breast, And bumble bees around it cling— Beside the wild bird's nest.

Oh, may my bruised and bleeding Isle— As sorrow's clouds and storms have passed, Soon like the low laid Daisy smile, And hold her own at last.

When kingdoms now in richest bloom And luxury, and pride of power, May meet in course of time, the doom That humbled Erin's flower.

Then the Daisy lifts again Its silver fringe and golden crown, Tho' howling winds and heavy rain Attempt to beat it down:

So shall the Emerald Isle once more— With all its old gifted, Celtic race— The days of persecution o'er— With Nations take its place.

## THE LADY'S BRIDGE.

A Legend of Toledo, Spain.

The archbishop has determined to rebuild the bridge.

"The news is too good to be true."

"It is true, for I am the messenger to the architect to whom the work is to be committed."

"Toledo will pray forever for Don Pedro Tenorio, if he carries out this design."

Such was a fragment of conversation in the streets of Toledo, in the year 1390. The ancient bridge, broken down by the floods of 1203, and afterward rebuilt, was now to be restored with great magnificence. The architect was one whose fame had extended far and wide, but this promised to be the crowning achievement of his art.

"Spare not," said the archbishop, "but let the bridge be worthy of the town, of its artist and of its founder. Let it typify my munificence, thy genius, and the strength and beauty of the city."

"It shall be worthy of all three," responded the artist.

Troops of workmen were now engaged, piles were driven, immense stones selected with great care, were brought to the river banks and wrought into shape. The architect spent much of his time in watching the gradual realization in concrete form of his design. At first he was blithe and cheerful, animating the men with his own spirit, and full of devices for smoothing away all the many difficulties that arose to impede such undertakings; but after a while his manner changed, and in proportion as the bridge advanced to completion, he became sad and quite moody. One day he sat and gazed for hours at the bridge, wrapped in sorrowful thought, taking no heed of the bystanders, like one in an evil dream. A soft hand was placed on his shoulder, a low, shy voice gave gentle utterance to his name.

"Louis!"

"Juanita!"

It was the girl to whom he was betrothed, and whose fate was to be linked to his own on the completion of the bridge.

"Why are you so sad, Louis? What is the meaning of this sorrow that seems to darken all your life? Am I the cause? Do you no longer love me?"

"I love you dearer than life."

She gave a little sigh of pleasure and relief.

"I was afraid some stately dame had stolen your heart away from poor Juanita."

"Impossible. I have no heart. It is in your keeping."

"That's a pretty compliment, but it is not true; for if I had your heart I could read in it the secret cause which has converted my gay lover into a melancholy, moody man."

"I will tell you the cause, Juanita, and my confidence will show you how much I love you, for it places my life and my honor in your hands. Both, alas, will soon be blasted."

"O, say not so, Louis. I know you are incapable of crime and everything else can be remedied."

"Find me a remedy for this. In the plans for the construction of the bridge I have made a fatal oversight. The mistake is known only to myself, and I only became conscious of it after all possible correcting it was gone. The bridge now is incased in a network of scaffolding, shoring and supports of every kind; but the moment these are cleared away the centre of the structure will fall into the river, and that which was to have been the monument of my skill will be a hideous ruin, a fit symbol of my folly and disgrace."

Juanita was stunned by this unexpected revelation. The vague fear inspired by her lover's changed demeanor had determined her question, but she had not dreamed of a ruin so near and so complete. In a moment she saw fade from view all the happiness of the future that had been living in her day dreams and giving a roseate hue to the winding horizons of woman-hood. The glowing colors of life changed before her eyes into the blackness of death and despair. Then with the woman's instinct that seeks to comfort others, regardless of her own anguish, she sought to console him.

"How cruel I have been to reproach your sadness! How little did I think it had so terrible a cause! But tell me, Louis, can you devise no remedy?"

"None."

"Nothing but taking down the bridge and rebuilding it!"

"Nothing less will avail."

"Well, let us trust in God. Perhaps he will point out some way of escape. For me, I will go and pray to Our Lady for her help and guidance. I feel sure that this evil will be averted."

There was no foundation for her hope, and yet it comforted him. \*

It was the night before the day fixed for the final inspection of the bridge. Tomorrow the archbishop will pronounce his solemn blessing on the work; to-morrow the scaffolding and trusses will be removed; to-morrow the bridge will stand forth in all its glory, a proud addition to the many beauties of the city; to-morrow the night was stormy; the wind and rain had swollen the river into a torrent, and Louis, as he tossed restlessly upon his bed, almost prayed that its force might sweep away the entire structure. It would be a less disgrace than that which awaited him on the morrow. He arose, and stood at the window of his room. He looked out into the night. His eyes naturally sought the direction of the great bridge, but there was nothing to be seen but blackness. Stay! What was that wandering flame? His heart stood still as a dim white figure, bearing in its hand a burning torch, passed over the bridge. A light was thrown over one of the parapets. As the figure glided over the doomed bridge, its progress was marked by the springing up of lurid flames. Then the white and mystic figure vanished from sight, and—the bridge was on fire.

The timber-work burned fiercely; the wind fanned the flames into fury, and the rain, instead of quenching, seemed to stimulate its power. Then as the fire began to flood the sky with its lurid light, the city awoke. The great alarm bell was rung, and hundreds of anxious citizens thronged the river's bank, anxious to help and save. It was in vain. Among the latest arrivals were the architect and archbishop.

"This is a sad end of your work, my son," said the ecclesiastic, "but be not cast down. The bridge shall be rebuilt, and if in the course of the erection of this one you have found any thing that could be improved, the new one shall be even more magnificent than we had purposed this to be."

As the architect was grateful, acknowledging the archbishop's generosity, he saw Juanita with her father approaching.

"Toledo will pray forever for Don Pedro Tenorio, if he carries out this design."

"You are saved," she whispered.

"And you are my preserver, he returned."

The destroyed bridge was replaced by one of greater beauty, and their was no fatal flaw in the second design made by Louis. As for the beautiful incendiary, she became the wife of the architect. Before the marriage she sought the palace of the archbishop, and, under the seal of confession, revealed the secret of her action. The good prelate, moved by the courage and devotion with which love had inspired her, not only forgave her crime, but caused her image to be carved upon the stone above the keystone of the arch, as an emblem of loyal love. There it stands to this day upon the Lady's Bridge.

A Kiss and Its Result.

Our reader shall have the benefit of a good story that we once heard.

Traveling into town about dusk, Parson K. had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parson, who had, among other worldly possessions, two or three very fine daughters. He had scarce knocked at the door when it was opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say, "O, don't," pressed her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain deserved. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed, "O, mercy, mercy! Mr. K., is this you? I thought as much as could be that it was my brother Henry!"

"Pshaw!" thought the parson to himself, "you didn't think any such thing."

But taking her hand, he said, in a forgiving tone, "There no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek, while the bouquet that was pinned to her bosom shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him at the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes, on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted parson plodded homewards, he argued with himself in this wise:

"Miss J. knew it was me who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke? And it is probable that her brother would knock before entering."

"She must be desperately in—pshaw! Why, if she loves her brother at that rate how must she love her husband? By the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life!"

Three weeks after the above incident, Parson K. was married to Miss J.—Miner's Journal.

A Dog Story.

Dr. Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, has, in his work entitled "The Relations of Mind and Brain," the following story of a dog: "A dog belonging to a United Presbyterian minister killed the fowls while the family were at church and buried them in the garden. The bodies were found. The dog was taken to the garden and immediately confessed his guilt. His master took him to his library, and, having shut the door, began a reprimand after this fashion:

"What wicked thing you have done in murdering the hens! You are a minister's dog, and should have been an example to other dogs instead of doing such as this. Then, this is the Sabbath day, and the deed is all the worse on account of the day on which it has been done."

Thus admonished, the dog was put out of the door and the door shut.

Next morning he was found dead. A veterinary surgeon was consulted, and declared that the dog had died of a broken heart!

None.

Nothing but taking down the bridge and rebuilding it!"

"Nothing less will avail."

"Well, let us trust in God. Perhaps he will point out some way of escape. For me, I will go and pray to Our Lady for her help and guidance. I feel sure that this evil will be averted."

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